THE COUNTRY-MAN'S GARLAND.

In TWO PARTS.

To a merry new Tune.

TEWKESBURY:

rinted and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold alſo at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Hiſtories, &c. Wholeſale and Retale. Likewiſe the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of eſtabliſhed reputation, that are adverti ſed in the Weekly Papers.

THE

Countryman's Garland.

PART I.

Country John's unfortunate Ramble to LONDON;

Or, The Tricks of a Town Jilt.

YOU young men that down in the country dwell
Come liſten awhile to my ſong, ſir,
While my ſad mi-fortunes to you I do tell,
Pray do not think the time long, ſir.
I liv'd in the country as ſweet as a roſe,
One day in a hurry I pack'd up my cloaths,
My beſt fine doublet my hat and my hoſe,
And away came trudging to London.

When I came to London, that famous fine place,
I view'd the ſteeple's ſo high, ſir,
Such I ne'er ſaw before in all my days,
Lord how they did hallow and cry, ſir.
Here are fine ſnuff-boxes fit for your noſe,
Some crying artichoaks, others old cloaths.
I thought at the firſt they'd been calling their cows
They made ſuch a racket in London.

But as I ſtood ſtaring with the trunk at my back,
Being both cold, wet, and weary,
One came up to me, and aſk'd what I lack'd,
She was dreſt as fine as a lady.
I turn'd me round, and look'd in her face,
Dear madam, ſaid I, I do want a place,
She ſmil'd upon me with a ſimpering grace,
And bid me right welcome to London.

She ſaid, in the country I have a good friend,
That wants one to wait at the table,
If you'll ſtay awhile I for him will ſend,
And do for you what I am able.
Strait into a tavern away ſhe did pack,
I follow'd her cloſe with my trunk at my back,
She cali'd her maid Betty, likewiſe her man Jack,
They both bid me welcome to London.

Miſs Betty cry'd, Madam, you know I am ſickly,
Therefore, if John is but willing,
To carry this baſket, he'll come again quickly,
For his pains I will give him a ſhilling.
My brains being drowned in brandy and ſack,
She hoiſted the baſket upon my poor back.
And both together through the city did pack,
I thought it rare living in London.

She went by my ſide as demure as a mouſe,
Did ever man ſee ſuch a whore, ſir.
She carry'd me down to the conſtable's houſe,
And bid me to knock at the door, ſir,
I rapt at the door and the conſtable came,
And the child in the baſket began to mourn,

I look'd over my ſhoulder, but Betty was gone,
Then I wiſh'd myſelf ſafe out of London.

Said I, Here's a preſent, he ſaid, Who ſent it,
At that I began to look blue, ſir;
It's no matter, ſaid I, with my pains I'm conten
But he cry'd out, That will not do, ſir.
He pulled a painted ſtaff out of his pocket,
And about my ears he did luſtily knock it,
Beſides he call'd me ſaucepate and blockhead,
And this I got by coming to London.

The baſket was ty'd up as faſt as might be,
Which added much to my vexation;
And in it indeed was a pretty young babe,
Which put the man into a paſſion.
A pot full of pottage he threw in my eyes,
The people did hollow, the baſtard did cry,
And I wiſh'd myſelf ſafe in my own country,
I was weary of living in London.

I went to the tavern the place where I drank,
But neighbours if you will believe me,
The lady was gone, and ſo was my trunk,
Thought I, the devil go with thee.
This put me into a paſſionate rage,
I loſt all my cloaths and ſeven years wage,
(Nothing at that time could my paſſion aſſwage
This I got coming to London.

The very next morning, without any dodging,
My troubles came thicker and faſter,

I to bridewell was ſent to beat hemp for my lodging,
To maintain myſelf and my baſtard.
And then for a twelvemonth I daily did beg,
'Till I had neither ſtocking nor ſhoe to my leg,
With the brat at my back I was forced to beg,
And this I got by coming to London.

PART II.

The Jilt paid in her own Coin:

Or, Country John's Revenge for the Trick ſhe had played him.

ONE day I was begging in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet,
It being ſad rainy weather,
There with Mrs. Betty I happen'd to meet,
And the old whore both together.
Now I'll be revenged on thoſe old whores,
For this was the time to pay off their ſcores,
So follow'd them home unto their own doors,
For then I was acquainted with London.

Thought I, my purpoſe they ſhall not prevent,
If they do the devil muſt be in it;
Without more delay for the conſtable I ſent,
And he came with his ſtaff in a minute.

I call'd for aſſiſtance, and ſeized them ſtrait,
And then to the people my tale did relate:
They laugh'd at my frolic and pity'd my fate,
And ſaid, I'd hard fate in London.

As the conſtable he was ſecuring thoſe punks,
Dear neighbours, as I am a ſinner,
I ſtep'd in the chamber, and there ſtood my trunk,
It was placed juſt under the window;
My cloaths was gone, and my money likewiſe,
But believe me, I met with a much better prize,
It was full of good linen, pinners, and coifs,
I thought it good booty in London.

A pair of ſilk breeches lay on the ſhelf,
With a gold watch and rings in the pocket;
Said I, theſe are like to fit none but myſelf,
So put them ſtrait under my jacket.
Both top-knots and laces I pillag'd good ſtore,
My breeches were fill'd, I could cram in no more,
While the whores were ſcolding I ſlipt out of door,
And away I went jogging from London.

I ſcamper'd away as faſt as I was able,
To be going I was very willing,
The brat I left lying under the table,
Who cry'd like a pig that was killing,
The conſtable ſerv'd his warrants on them,
And unto New Bridewell he did carry them,
And they may beat hemp till the devil fetch them,
For I'll never more come up to London.

You young men that live in the country ſweet,
I'd have you to pleaſe your old maſters,
And never go up to the city for fear,
You meet with ſuch like diſaſters:
For London's as ſharp as the edge of a knife,
The city is fill'd with faction and ſtrife,
Boys, nothing ſo ſweet as a country life,
Let thoſe that want wit go to London.

F I N I S.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

Children in the Wood
Seven Champions of Chriſtendom
Cat-Skin
Death and the Lady
wenty-ſeven Songs of Robin Hood
Poor Robin's Dream
Plymouth Tragedy; or, Suſan's Overthrow
Pretty Green Coat Boy
'Squire Vernon's Fox-Chace
Famous Flower of Serving Men
Wandering Prince of Troy
Choice Pennyworth of Wit
Yarmouth Tragedy
Golden Bull
Jane Shore
Oxford Ramble
Dorſetſhire Miracle
Tranſported Felons
Teague's Ramble
Spaniſh Lady's Love to an Engliſh Captain
Northern Knight's Garland
Leeds Tragedy; or, The Bloody Brother
Humours of Rag Fair
Gloceſterſhire Tragedy
Diſtreſt Lady's Garland
Chevy Chace
Bloody Gardener
Berkſhire Lady
Wandering Shepherdeſs
Factor's Garland
Broken Contract
Bite upon Bite
Bloody Battle between a Taylor and a Louſe
Briſtol Bridegroom; or The Ship Carpenter's Love to the Merchants Daughter
Anacreon's Feaſt
Death of Sir Andrew Barton
New Mad Tom
Cobler's wife's diſcovery
Diſobedient Son and Cruel Husband
Somerſetſhire Tragedy
Welch Wedding
Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall
Fair Maudlin.

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